


The Echo



1911



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*To him whose every smile and word
bring joys to those about him,
do we lovingly and tenderly
dedicate this volume*



Rev. E. K. McLarty

GREETING

"Our task is ended, our song is ceased, our theme has died into an Echo---and what is writ is writ, would it were worthier!"

IN this volume it has been our purpose to depict the inner life of our College home. How well we have accomplished that purpose is for you to decide, gentle reader. So bear patiently with us through these pages, remembering the old motto: "Nil Desperandum"—never despair—for there's an end to all things!

THE EDITORS



Our Beloved President



Editorial Staff

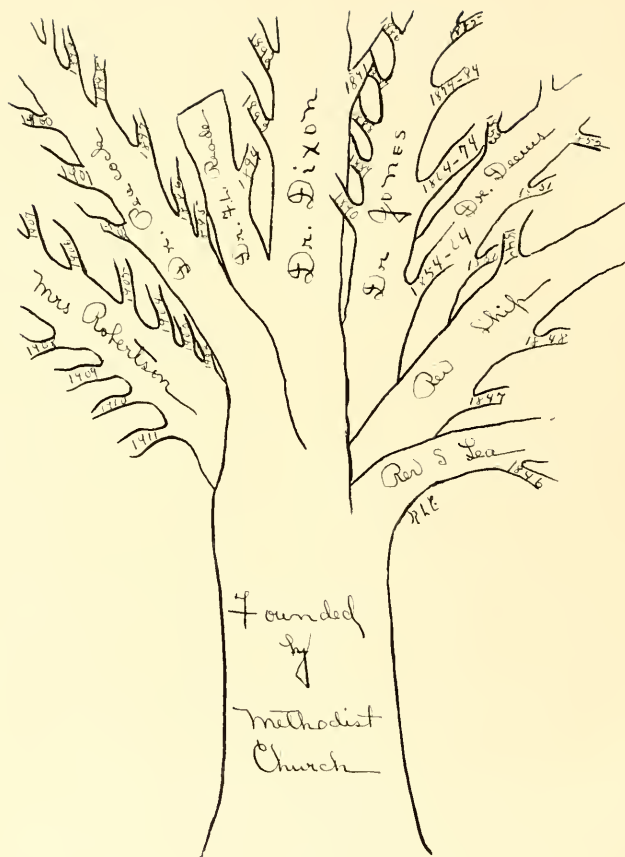
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Miss E. J. PORTER
Art







Class Officers

FLOWER: *Red and White Carnation*

COLOR: *Garnet and White*

MOTTO: *Labor omnia vincit*

JULIA CRUTCHFIELD	-	-	-	-	President
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HULDAH HAMBRICK	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
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LINNIE MANN	-	-	-	-	Poet
EDWIN HUNT	-	-	-	-	Prophet
HULDAH HAMBRICK	-	-	-	-	Legator





Mary Harrison Barnwell, E. L. S.

WALKERTOWN, N. C.

Age, 21 years.

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my Latin book!"

Assistant Literary Editor of Annual, '10-'11; Critic Emerson Literary Society, '10-'11; Vice-President Tennis Club, '10-'11; Bi-Monthly Orator Emerson Literary Society, '10-'11; Member Senior Basketball Team; Editor Round Table, '10-'11.

Leone Tyree Battle, I. L. S.

ATLANTA, GA.

Age, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ years.

"Bid me discourse: I will enchant thine ear."

Editor-in-Chief Annual, '10-'11; President German Club, '10-'11; Member Senior Basketball Team.





Alice Blanchard, I. L. S.

HERTFORD, N. C.

Age, 20 years.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Vice-President Class, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Chairman Inter-Collegiate Committee, '08-'09, '09-'10; Vice-President Tribunal, '09-'10; President Athletic Association, '09-'10; Treasurer Irving Literary Society, '10-'11; President Basketball Club, '10-'11; Editor of Round Table, '08-'09, '09-'10; Editor of Athletics, '10-'11; Delegate to Raleigh, '08-'09; Class Statistician, '10-'11; Member Senior Basketball Team.

Winnie Davis Bruton, I. L. S.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Age, 19 years.

"We saw her dreaming, but we saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed."

Assistant Business Manager Message, '09-'10, President Tribunal, Irving Literary Society, '09-'10; Critic of Irving Literary Society, '09-'10, '10-'11; Business Manager Message, '10-'11; Literary Editor of THE ECHO, '10-'11; Delegate to Asheville Conference, '09.





Ruth Louise Coltrane, E. L. S.

CONCORD, N. C.

Age, 19 years.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

President Class, '08-'09; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '08-'09, '09-'10; Recording Secretary Y. W. C. A., '10-'11; Delegate to Asheville, '07-'08; Delegate to Richmond, '09-'10; Editor Y. W. C. A. Notes, '09-'10; Editor Athletic Notes, '10-'11; President Tennis Club, '10-'11; Vice-President Glee Club, '09-'10; Member Senior Basketball Team; Censor Emerson Literary Society, '08-'09; President Emerson Literary Society, '09-'10, '10-'11; Art Editor THE ECHO, '10-'11.

Julia Fitch Crutchfield, E. L. S.

RICHMOND, KY

Age, 19 years.

"Let me have audience for a word or two
One would think that your tongue had broken its
chain."

Class Historian, '07-'08; Delegate to Asheville Conference, '07-'08; Janitress Emerson Literary Society, '07-'08; Chairman Devotional Committee Y. W. C. A., '08-'09, '09-'10; Treasurer Emerson Literary Society, '08-'09, '09-'10; Editor of Locals in Message, '08-'09, '09-'10; Delegate to Raleigh Conference, '08-'09; Delegate to Rochester Convention, '09-'10; President Y. W. C. A., '10-'11; President Class, '09-'10, '10-'11; Chaplain Emerson Literary Society, '10-'11; Editor of Class Rolls, THE ECHO, '10-'11; Bi-monthly Orator Emerson Literary Society, '10-'11.





Ada Myrtle Dean, E. L. S.

ELK PARK, N. C.

Age, 21 years.

"Jesting decides great things
Better, oft', than earnest can."

Editor Grinds, THE ECHO, '10-'11; Treas-
urer Emerson Literary Society, '10-'11.

Huldah Thomas Hambrick, E. L. S.

ROXBORO, N. C.

Age, 21 years.

"We must laugh before we are happy for fear we die
before we laugh at all."

Janitress Emerson Literary Society, '07-'08;
Censor Emerson Literary Society, '09-'10, '10-
'11; Treasurer Class, '09-'10, '10-'11; Class
Legator, '10-'11; Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11;
Graduate in Voice, '11.





Edwin Wood Hunt, I. L. S.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

Age, 19 years.

"I am advised to give her music o' mornings they say it will penetrate."

Class Prophet, '10-'11; Member Dramatic Club, '10-'11; Editor Exchange Department Message, '10-'11; Senior Basketball Team; Bi-monthly Orator Irving Literary Society, '10-'11.

Linnie Cornelia Mann, I. L. S.

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Age, 19 years.

"Softly her fingers glide over
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."

Janitress Irving Literary Society, '08-'09; Censor Irving Literary Society, '09-'10; President Irving Literary Society, '10-'11; Delegate to Asheville Conference, '10; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '10-'11; Vice-President Basketball Club, '10-'11; Vice-President Senior Music Class, '10; Class Poet, '11; Graduate in Piano, '10; Post Graduate in Piano, '11; Member Senior Basketball Team.





Nora Mae Stallings, E. L. S.

CONCORD, N. C.

Age, 21 years.

"Night after night she sat
And bleared her eyes with books."

Editor Alumnae Notes, '10-'11; Secretary
Emerson Literary Society, '10-'11; Assistant
Business Manager THE ECHO, '10-'11.

Maude Hester Upchurch, E. L. S.

NORWOOD, N. C.

Age, 20 years.

"And gladly wolde she learn,
And gladly teche."

Assistant Editor Message, '09-'10; Editor
Message, '10-'11; Business Manager THE
ECHO, '10-'11.





Annie Terrell Woodley, I. L. S.

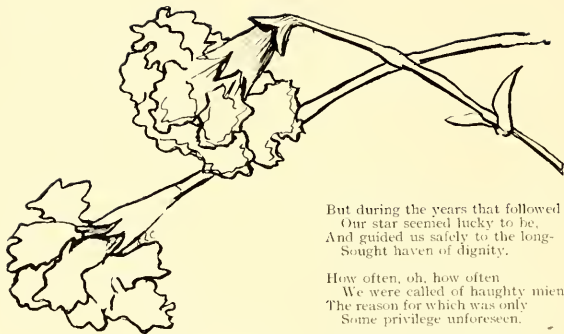
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Age, 19 years.

"And the night she filled with music
While the cares that infested the day
Did fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently stole away."

Secretary Class, '07-'08, '08-'09; Janitress
Irving Literary Society, '07-'08; Vice-President
Irving Literary Society, '09-'10, '10-'11; Var-
sity Basketball, '07-'08, '09-'10; Captain Senior
Basketball Team; President Glee Club, '07-'08,
'08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Editor Round Table,
'08-'09; Editor Exchange Department, '09-'10; Editor Alumnae Notes, '10-'11;
Class Historian, '11; Treasurer Athletic Association, '09-'10; Graduate in
Piano, '11; Chief Marshal.





Class Poem

We sat on the lawn at twilight,
As the bells were ringing their call,
And the moon rose over the city,
Behind the gray college wall.

We saw the bright lights gleaming
In the building far above
Like the golden memories teeming
Up in our hearts so full of love.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
We had sat on that lawn at twilight
And gazed on that wall and sky!

How often, oh, how often
We had wished in our first year
That a kindly fate would bear us back
To our distant homes so dear!

For we were young and restless then,
And our lives were full of care,
And the Soph's dark frowns upon us
Seemed more than we could bear.

But during the years that followed
Our star seemed lucky to be,
And guided us safely to the long-
Sought haven of dignity.

How often, oh, how often
We were called of haughty mien!
The reason for which was only
Some privilege unforeseen.

And, oh, that long, long table
In the rear of the dining hall!
Surely we could not help but talk
A little above them all.

Yet, sad we grew when first we heard
Of our unfortunate doom,
For we were now, through loss of one,
Thirteen—that number of gloom!

"But why not change traditions old?"
We Seniors cried once more in hope;
"Thirteen shall cause our fate to be
A class with hardships fit to cope."

And so we sat in the twilight
Thinking of days to come
Of our dear old Alma Mater,
Our happy college home.

And far in the hazy distance
On that lovely night in May,
We saw our future before us
As clear as the star's bright ray.

So there as we gathered in twilight
A vow to each made we
Whate'er in the future might happen,
We'd be true to "G F C."

LINNIE MANN.

Class History

FIRST YEAR

ON THAT seventh day of September,
When we arrived upon the campus,
Ushered to a room so vacant
Which had ne'er been filled since May.
Registration being over,
We began upon our duty,
Books and tablets, ink and pencils
Soon were all in our possession.
In our rooms we sat in silence:
Sat and sat and tried to study,
Still upon our being stealing
Came a little homesick feeling;
It was weird and so uncanny,
And we tried to overcome it.
Many were the things we thought of—
Of the Latin and Mathematics
That we all were soon to know,
With instruction that was given
By Miss Fisher and Miss Pegram:
They had classes and had quizzes—
Quizzes that we all did dread.
But they soon were to be over
And our work begun again.
Still our letters made us homesick,
Made us think of home and mother
As we often sat and pondered,
And the upper-classmen hooted
At us for our queer behavior,
With our eyes as red as berries,
And our cheeks all flushed and swollen.
Would those Freshmen days be over?
Would we e'er get our diplomas?
For those long nine months we wondered
'Til our Freshman days were over—
But we had not our diplomas.

SECOND YEAR

At the earliest signs of Autumn
We all started back to college,
Not as in our Freshmen year,
For we now could look and say:
"We were in your place one day."
Many faces we did see—
New and old, some sad, some gay:
But of our noble ten and five
Only eleven stood by our side.
Still was added to our class
Five, all from the Freshman Class:
Maud and Linnie, Winnie and May,
Also Myrtle, we were glad to say.
Then our work began in earnest:
Not on old work we had finished,
Not that mastered and forgotten,
But on new work we begun—
Math. and Chemistry battles were won.
Also "Letter Writing" and "Themes"
Seemed predominant in all our dreams.
Two sets of exams. had passed
Passed, but they were not forgotten,
Never would be in our memory;
For always will linger, linger
Apparitions of those questions.
Even Bible came to haunt us,
All the Judges and the Kings
By us had to all be learned;
Oh, the French, and oh, the German
That stood gazing at us nightly
As we studied, studied, studied,
Just preparing for our "finals!"
When at last they came upon us
After waiting, waiting, waiting,
We were glad to see them—over.
As we every one had passed.

THIRD YEAR

We knew now just what was coming,
When our short three months had ended,
That we all must work and study
From September to the ending.
But our president, alas!
Came not back unto our class.
She was gone, but not forgotten;
And the presidency fell
Upon Julia's willing shoulders.
Great things now were soon to happen,
For we all were introduced
To William Shakespeare, and to Spencer.
Shakespeare treated us more royal
By performing for us all
Plays that all of us had studied,
Studied and had all enjoyed.
Also a bazaar was to be given
By the two societies,
Which meant work, and also pleasure
From which quite a sum was measured.
Maud Powell, also, with her violin,
Left us all in poet's fancy,
Left us all—but we recovered.
For our Senior banquet followed.
To the Senior class was given
Little souvenir diplomas,
And each faculty member found
Carnations scattered all around.
Soon we all were called to witness
In Mrs. Robertson's private office,
All with fear and trembling came
With swimming heads and puzzled brains
But when we were said to be
Marshals during the Commencement
We were satisfied, delighted
With the happy prospects coming.
Oh, that long, long month of April
With its many hours of study
Seemed as it would ne'er be over,
Ne'er would ever come vacation.
Soon examinations came
Exams, that puzzled all our brains;
But when they came to an end
We were all glad to begin
To place our books upon the shelf
And leave all for our vacation.

FOURTH YEAR

Soon again we leave the breezes,
Leave the welcome warmth of Summer,
Leave the memory of the moonlight
All behind us—past, forgotten.
We are now again in college;
On our fourth year's work have entered.
Often to look back and think of
Classes cut and not remembered;
Then our privileges are given
Which we all are to enjoy,
But, alas! one of our number
Has to bid the class adieu.
How we, everyone, do miss her
As we all sit at the table
Looking at her chair so empty
Which cannot again be filled.
Soon Trinity Glee Club comes,
Gives a concert for our annual,
And they all help us along
With our great big undertaking.
But with all these lovely pastimes
We have everything to haunt us:
Science, Math., Astronomy,
Latin and sweet Philosophy—
They all try so hard to kill us.
But through all we have survived,
And we looked for our vacation
Which all Senior Classes get.
Now we've won all of our battles,
All our themes and work are done,
And we've stood those dreaded "finals"
"Finals" and we all have won.
Now we laugh as we remember
All the troubles we did see,
And at last has come commencement
And we're happy, gay, and free.
But we hate to leave this college—
Hate to leave its campus green—
Hate to leave its grand old Chapel
Where so many times we've been.
But we wait now for our "sheepskins"
That each one of us desire,
With the date "May, 1911"
And our names engraved thereby.

ANNIE WOODLEY.

Funeral Oration Over the Senior Books

Friends, schoolmates and seniors, lend me your ears.

The good that books do lives after them; the evil is oft interred with their backs. Therefore, we bury our books.

The noble Math. hath taught us to be subtle; if it were not so, it was a grievous fault because that is why we have studied it.

Our beloved history was our friend, faithful and just, living in hope to the very last of making us wise—but was disappointed.

Philosophy hath been the source of many wretched hours; it hath failed to make us deep; therefore we are unable to deeply grieve at bidding it farewell.

English hath made us able to contend; therefore we shall contend with any who objects to burying him.

Science hath oft put our lives in jeopardy; but with grateful hearts for what she hath taught us, we inter her.

Last, but not least, oh most loved Latin, do we speak of thee. We all do mourn for thee and not without cause.

But we have come to bury books, not to praise them.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested, but all of these are the kind to be buried.

Here are tears for our English, Math. and Science; joy for our Latin; honor for our History, but death for all.

WINNIE BRUTON.



Burial of Senior Books



Senior Class Prophecy

"Well, if it ain't the young mistus; has you come home to stay, honey?"

"Why, Aunt Margaret!" I cried, springing out of the hammock and hastening to the side of my old nurse.

"Yes, Mammy, I have come home to stay, and how good it seems to see my old Mammy again! I was just thinking of you."

"Aunt Margaret, do you remember how you used to turn a coffee cup and tell me of the wonderful things that you saw in the grounds? Well, I have been thinking of my classmates all the afternoon and wondering where fate has placed them, and I had just thought of going and asking you to read the coffee grounds when you appeared. Will you do it for me?"

"Laws a-massey, honey, I hasn't tu'ned a cup in a spell, but I'll do anything to please you, missey."

"Oh, thank you, Mammy!" I cried, "then let us go to the kitchen." I led the way to the kitchen, brought out some coffee and watched old Mammy make a cup and drink it; then she sat down opposite me and turned the cup so as to see the grounds.

"Honey," she said, "the fust thing I see is a great big crowd of folks a-list'n'g to a lady a-singing. She's a mighty purty little lady, with light curly hair and—"

"Oh, that's Ruth, Mammy," I interrupted her; "I was confident she would be a prima donna—in fact, she was the only one in the class who could sing at all. What do you see next?"

"Well, here a great big building; looks like it might be a college, and on one ob de doors is writ a great big word beginning with a P and a-ending with a S; what you reckon dat is, honey? And a-down at the bottom is writ, Pro-fes-ser B-a-r-n-well."

"Psychology, Mammy," I cried, then I remembered Mary's favorite verse:

"Methinks that there abides in me
No concord with Psy-chol-o-gy."

and wondered at the inconsistency of fate.

"The next picture, Mammy continued, turning the cup, "is a farmyard, with a young lady a-feeding a brood of chickens and an old man a-hoeing turnips; guess it's her husband; and, honey, this lady has on the quarest kind o' skirt, all gathered in tight at the bottom."

"That's Annie," I explained, "for she couldn't possibly have worn out all her hobbles yet." Mammy paid no attention to my interruption, but continued in a slow, droning voice:

"I see two ladies," she said, "who peer to be a-going about lecturing and a-handing out little slips with some kind of 'votes' writ' on them."

"Look good, Mammy," I cried, "isn't it 'Votes for Women'?"

"I sho' believes you's right, honey; yes, yer is, and dese here two ladies am both kinder tall and one of them has light hair and 'tother one middling dark."

"Alice and Winnie, Mammy. I am not surprised, for they were always imagining they were being down-trodden, and both believed firmly in Woman's Suffrage."

"Wal, honey, this next picture peers to be a lady larning folks how to dance."

"Oh!" I cried,

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Dancing was always Myrtle's forte.

Mammy turned the cup slowly from side to side before speaking again.

"I see a little cabin," she said, "way off yonder in the mountains, with a perty little black-headed lady a-setting in the door a-peeling apples, or may be it's taters, and there's smoke a-comin' out of the chimney and—"

"Hard by a cottage chimney smoked
From betwixt two aged oaks."

I quoted *blithely*: "Linnie was always fond of house work. "What is next, Mammy?"

"Praise de land," ejaculated mammy, "I can't make nothing outen ob dis next one: looks like she mought be a-advertising some of dem things what makes folks thin."

"Isn't there a name near it?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mammy. "There's B-a-t-t-l-e." She spelled the word, all the while shaking her head doubtfully.

"I might have known it was Leone," I cried, "for she is the only one in the class who could possibly illustrate that picture."

"The next," said Mammy, turning the cup up and peering into its depth with fascinating eyes, "is—"

"What is—" But before I had time to ask she cried out in amazement:

"Honey, fo de land's sake! If hit ain't a lady with some monkeys. Peers lak she be a tryin' to larn them to do tricks."

"No, Mammy," I cried, "she is trying to cultivate their mental faculties to such a degree that they may be able to tell her which one of her ancestors they happen to be. It is so strange that Julia was the only one in our class who believed in the theory of evolution."

"Laws, honey, do fo de land's sake," expostulated Mammy, "stop prattling of theerys ob lutions, what ober dey be, for what dey got to do with monkeys I can't see, but I do see 'nother picter in dese here grounds, that looks jest to suit me, honey. There's a big black-headed lady a-lamming a little bit of a man ober de head; now I laks to see dese here man folks get tuck down onct and a while."

"Why, Mammy," I laughed, "you had better not let Uncle Mose hear you express your sentiments so freely."

"Laws, honey, I 'pects he's harn' em 'efore now; but who you reckon this here lady be?"

"Oh, that's May. I recognize her domineering spirit."

But Mammy had already turned the cup and was intently studying the grounds. Before I had said the first word, she seemed doubtful as to the meaning of what she saw, and turned the cup first on one side and then on the other. Finally she exclaimed in horrified amazement:

"Mussey! Goodness; dese here must be can-i-balls! I'd sho' hate to be dat lady what looks like she war a larning 'em! What is it, honey, you call dem folks dat larns de hathans?"

"Missionaries, Mammy," I cried. "How true that picture is, for we all knew Huldah would be a missionary."

"Wal, honey, I'm just glad it ain't me," Mammy exclaimed. Then she peered deep into the cup again and broke into a low chuckle:

"Laws, dis here lady sho' am a-foolin' dese here fellers a flirtin' and a-flutterin' ob her fan; she sho' am doing it perfection."

"Handle your fans!
Unfurl your fans!
Discharge your fans!
Ground your fans!
Recover your fans!
Flutter your fans!"

I cried: "Maude must have overlooked the fact that Addison intended that for a satire, if she has adopted it to display as the one accomplishment of a society girl. I wonder if she has accomplished the most difficult feat of all, the crack of the fan, or if she is too much of an amateur in the art to have attained to so high a degree of excellence yet."

"Stop, honey," Mammy interrupted, "I don't know that Mr. Addison you be a-talkin' 'bout, so I am goin' on with my pictures."

"But that is all, Mammy," I cried, "unless you will read mine. Will you, Mammy?"

"I sho' would, honey," she cried, "but I'se afared you mought not like what I see."

"Oh, no, Mammy," I cried. "I will bear the consequences."

"No, honey; you done got your life 'efore you, and I ain't gwine to spile it with none of dis here foolishness," said Mammy. "and I spects I had better go 'long home efore that old Mose gits dare, so good-by, honey."

"Why, Mammy," I laughed, "I thought you did not pay attention to Uncle Mose?"

"Oh, shucks," came back through the open door. And laughingly I turned toward the house, feeling as all-wise as if I had just had a visit from the Delphian Oracle.

EDWIN HUNT.



College Song

*TO OUR dear old Alma Mater
We will sing a song of praise.
All our hearts are tuned with loyalty and love;
For to her belongs all praise and honor
That our tongues could frame,
And for her we raise our hearts in praise above.
Through the shade and through the sunshine
She has stood our college home,
And she stands for countless ages yet to be;
Ah, our hearts beat high with pride and rapture
For the home we love,
As we sing a song for dear old "G. F. C."*

CHORUS

*G. F. C., thy name is thrilling in the air;
G. F. C., my own dear college home so fair;
Bright dreams of young life's golden Spring
Around thy walls forever cling.
As years advance and life puts on
An aspect more severe,
With faith in G. F. old—and ever new,
Whose precepts and whose dignity
We look to, and revere.
Success and fame shall crown our efforts true.
The high ideals and truth that she
Has taught us to regard
Illuminations to our way shall be.
In mem'ry dear we'll hold her through
The long, long days to come—
Our faithful Alma Mater, G. F. C.*

CHORUS





Junior Class

RENNIE GRIFFIN	President
RUTH GILLIKIN	Vice-President
LUCILE UMSTEAD	Secretary and Treasurer
ERMA STEVENS	Historian
MATTIE DANIELS	Prophet

FLOWER: *Violet*

COLORS: *Lavender and White*

MOTTO: *Peraget angusta ad angusta*

YELL

Shackalacka! Shackalacka!

Shackalackalee!

Juniors! Juniors!

Rah! Rah! Ree!

Shackalacka! Shackalacka!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Juniors! Juniors!

Rah! Rah! Rah!



"I told you so."



"Oh, I am so hungry."



"I just can't get it."



"Repeat and do it again."



"I've got to go to me room."



"Just think what I missed."



"Really, not knowing, I feel a delicacy in articulating for fear of prevaricating."



"O hush your mouth! you know better."



"My stars!"



"Well, well!"



"Haven't time; got to study."



"You're such a mess."



Christian Science: "Miss Fisher won't call
on me to-day."

History of the Junior Class

IN the beginning we were created Freshmen and the Freshmen were young and verdant.

And the Freshmen were scary because the Sophomores were so dominating. So the Freshmen went down town to keep out of the way of the Sophs.

But the people of Greensboro would cast peculiar glances at the G. F. Freshmen. The town boys would yell out "G. F. Freshies" as they passed. Then the Freshmen would wonder if green paint had been used on their faces instead of red.

And at dinner the Sophomores laughed at the Freshmen. Then the Freshmen wept bitterly and the Faculty said, "Be patient, my child, the green-ness will wear off."

And Ruth Coltrane was our president.

September did come and the Freshmen were no longer Freshmen but Sophomores. The Freshmen, like the leaves, had left off their coat of green and had put on one of many colors.

The Sophomores had a class-meeting and Erma Stevens was made their president.

And the Sophomores were stern and sagacious.

In that year we were taught how to speak in French and German and our brilliance astonished the Faculty.

The heads of the Sophs enlarged to such a degree that the Faculty reasoned among themselves saying, "Let us consult a specialist in order that we may find out what has so rapidly developed the grey matter of the Sophomore class, for last year they were ignorant; this year they are as wise as the average person."

And within a hundred days they returned to G. F. as Juniors. Often in the afternoons, the Juniors, with Rennie Griffin as their president, did sell ice cream.

And it came to pass that on a certain day the teacher of the Analytic Geometry Class met them and she said unto the first: "How many hast thou worked?"

And the first girl answered her, saying:

"Thou didst give us one page and I have gotten none."

And likewise she said unto the second:

"How many hast thou worked?" And the second answered her:

"Thou gavest unto us fifteen problems and I have gotten none."

Then they all, with one consent, began to make excuses. One said, "I worked for two hours and accomplished nothing, therefore, I pray thee, excuse me."

Another said, "I was invited to a feast and therefore I pray thee, excuse me."

And then the teacher was wroth and said unto us:

"Hast thou studied Analytics this long and canst not work these? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, unless thou gettest to work, thou shalt surely flunk."

And in the course of time the Juniors gave a reception to the Seniors and Faculty. And the Juniors were glad in their hearts for they knew that some day they would be Seniors and would be entertained.

It came to pass that commencement came and the Juniors did marshal. And they became dignified for they reasoned within themselves, saying: "We, in the near future, will be Seniors. We, then, must be an example, therefore, we must be dignified."

Now is past the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years, but the greatest of these is the Junior.

ERMA STEVENS, '12.

Prophecy of the Junior Class

MY slumbers last night were broken by strange and fitful dreams. One of these made a lasting impression on me, and while it is still fresh in my memory I shall endeavor to impart it to you, my fellow classmates.

Of course, you remember the very important fact that we are now Juniors, and next year we will have all the honors and dignities which are always thrust upon Seniors. My dream bears upon this grave and weighty matter. Be patient, classmates! Will you all please cease your everlasting chatter until I can finish? Remember that all things come to those who wait, and if you will exercise a sufficient degree of patience you shall surely receive all that is coming to you.

My dream began with our reunion at dear old G. F. C., in the month of September, 1911. Of course, being Seniors, we had many responsibilities and we were very busy managing things and getting the school all settled for a year of hard work. Our president was, you may readily know, our leader. We had right much difficulty in getting all the girls settled in their rooms, but we finally adjusted them satisfactorily, and turned to find graver questions before us.

Mrs. Robertson rushed to our president the very first day with a request to go down the street. After due consideration she decided to allow her to go, provided that she kept out of drug stores and moving picture shows.

Another member of the class was busily shopping when she was forced to stop and chaperone Miss Fisher, Miss Pegram, and Miss Dozier in the drug store. Little interruptions of this sort were very annoying to us.

Miss Jones insisted on spending the night out of her room and being on the halls so late that we were compelled to give her three black marks, and after a long and tiresome class meeting we decided to campus her until Christmas.

Mr. Clarke, in his eagerness for advancement, gave the poor Juniors entirely too much work and we were obliged to attend to this. We allowed him to give them only what they desired to do after that, which was not very much, for they were not nearly so studious as the great class of 1912.

And, girls, another thing we did was to cut out the usual number of recitals, which Mr. Kraft had heretofore insisted upon having. We allowed him to have very few and we gave the poor under classmen a longer reception after each one.

We thought at first that Miss Stancil was going to give us a little trouble over not keeping her room in perfect order, but we soon had her in the habit and she bothered us no more.

Girls, we were all just having a good time ruling things, and the good work was going on splendidly, but just as I started to tell Miss Mitchell, not to give the girls any gymnastic exercises, the rising bell rung and I awoke.

MATTIE DANIELS, '12.



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

EVA MARTIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
ANNIE ADAMS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
JANIE GULLEDGE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

MOTTO: *Fortuna coronat laborem*

COLORS: *Dark Green and White*

MEMBERS

ANNIE ADAMS
ETHEL BARBOUR

JULIA BROOKSHIRE
JANIE GULLEDGE

EVA MARTIN

YELL

*Nineteen-thirteen! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Green and White! Sis—Boom Bah!
Nineteen-thirteen! Don't you see!
Green and White! G. F. C.!*





Class of '13

THE history of our class should be remarkable, for we consider ourselves as the most highly honored class in the college. Aside from the fact that we will be the first class to graduate from Greensboro Female College in a luck-bringing year of '13, we will also be the first class to finish under the new course. In fact, the possibilities of our class are great.

That most important body, the class of '13, was organized in the fall of 1909, when we numbered nine Freshmen. Our record for the first year was like that of most Freshman classes, not marked by any special event.

When we came back in the fall of 1910 we were very highly elated over being Sophomores. But, when we had a class meeting and found that only five of us were back, we were rather disappointed. However, as soon as we began work we forgot our sorrow at losing our classmates, and are now looking forward to being allowed to put an A.B. after our names in the year '13.

JANIE GULLEDGE.





Freshman Class

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

COLOR: *Light Blue and White*

MOTTO: *De grado in grado*

OFFICERS

LUCY BELLE TOTTEN	-	-	-	-	-	President
JEANETTE FIERCE	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
RUBY ELLIOTT	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
MARY DOSHER	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

LILLIE WAY BAKER	VIOLA KIKER
ESTELLE BULLOCK	JUANITA MASTEN
MARY DOSHER	ANNIE LEA O'NEIL
EUGENIA FRANKLIN	EDITH FETREE
ANNA NEAL FULLER	JEANETTE PIERCE
MARY HARRIS	ELIZABETH READE
MABEL HUTTON	TOMMAE TOMLINSON
HATTIE JOHNSON	LUCY BELLE TOTTEN

MARGARET WOOD

YELL

*Yum, yum, fiddle, diddle, bum,
Hump, stomp, sighum, gigdum,
Bolto, molto, kyro, dilko, diro,
Freshman! Freshman!
Rah! Rah! Rio!*



History of the Freshman Class

WHAT seems to be the most important time of our lives is when we are about to leave home for college. Oh, how large the name college sounds!

But the greatness seems to diminish when the time really comes and we have to say good-by to mother and all our friends. Some of us are also tempted to return home before our journey is ended; but no, we must not fail, and will not.

Well, September 14, 1910, found fifteen home-sick Freshmen in Greensboro Female College. Everybody else seemed to know everybody else and how happy they were to greet their old friends! We poor little Freshmen had nothing to do but stand in the corner and look on. Although it was below our dignity to suck our thumbs, we felt like it. We had heard all kinds of tales of how the Sophomores would "haze," but they must have taken pity on our forlorn looks, for nothing of the kind happened. So the first night we managed to get along very well.

Next morning it was announced at breakfast that classification would begin at nine o'clock. With fear and trembling we marched from room to room feeling each moment that the worst was yet to come. However, in a week our little heads were settled down to hard work. Now in our dreams we fight Aeneas with planes and solids. Then, too, it seems necessary to translate all our English History from French into German. Such is the path to knowledge!

One day a call meeting of the Freshman class was announced. We proudly marched to the history room, for this was to be the beginning of a great epoch in our lives. The first question was, "who shall be our president?" Each girl felt that all fourteen of the others were capable of filling this place of honor, but Lucy Belle Totten was unanimously elected. Then Jeannette Pearce was elected vice-president and Ruby Elliott, secretary and treasurer. We chose blue and white as our class color and the sweet-pea as our flower.

Soon the Christmas holidays came and passed, and once again we were back, but by no means with the same feeling we had on entering, yet we were the same shy little lambs.

And then examinations? How did we ever manage to survive through that week of torture? Well, we stuck our heads together and succeeded in hovering around the passing mark.

Commencement passed off with a flourish. Again the Freshmen had to take a back seat, for, of course, the Seniors led the day. But we were feeling our size rather much, for then our names had been changed to Sophomores.

At the end of four years, if we survive to realize it, we expect to have a B.A. attached to our names. Truly we have to work dreadfully hard for a degree whose letters are just the beginning of the alphabet. X-Z would sound more as if we had finished something.

Here's hoping that the class of 1914 may remain united and leave an unexcelled record in Greensboro Female College.

MARY DOSTER.



The President's Private Office



Senior Music Class

FLOWER: *Iris*

COLORS: *Purple and White*

MOTTO: "*Ernst ist das Leben
Heiter die Kunst.*"

OFFICERS

MAUDE GILLIKIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
EDDIE BELL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ISA SILLS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

EDDIE BELL	KATIE McAULEY
BEATRICE BYRD	HELEN McAULEY
MAUDE GILLIKIN	ISA SILLS
HULDAH HAMBRICK	ANNIE WOODLEY
ANNIE JONES	ALICE WYNNE
ESTHER LOWE	CLEFA WYNNE



EDDIE BELL—April 28



BEATRICE BYRD—April 14



MAUDE GILLIKIN—April 28



HULDAH HAMBRICK—April 18



ANNIE JONES—April 21



ESTHER LOWE—April 21



HELEN MCAULEY—April 3



KATIE MCAULEY—April 3



ISA SILLS—April 18



ANNIE WOODLEY—April 7



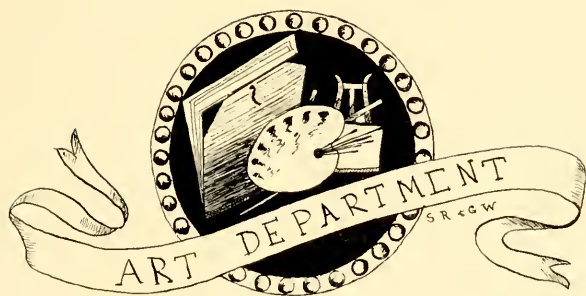
ALICE WYNNE—April 10



CLEFA WYNNE—April 10



LINNIF MANN March 31





SADIE ROYSTER



GRACE WINSTEAD



Special Class

COLORS. *Red and Gray*

FLOWER: *Red Poppy*

MOTTO: "*Do one thing only, and that thing well,*"
Is a very good rule — so the Specials tell.

BERTHA MORTON	- - - - -	President
MAUDE GILLIKIN	- - - - -	Vice-President
MAUDE HICKS	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer





Expression Class

FLOWER: *Jonquil*

COLOR: *Blue and Gold*

MOTTO: "*Truth is within ourselves,
It takes no rise from outward things.*"

OFFICERS

BERTHA MORTON	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
LINA COVINGTON	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
EULA McRAE	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

GRADUATES

LINA COVINGTON

EULA McRAE

BERTHA MORTON

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH COLTRANE
HELEN CREECH
LINA COVINGTON
MAGGIE DAVIS
MARY DOSHER
MAUDE GANT
MAUDE GILLIKIN

EDWIN HUNT
ETHEL McAULEY
EULA McRAE
BERTHA MORTON
ANNA SCHANCK
ANNIE WHITNER
LOTTIE MAY NEWTON



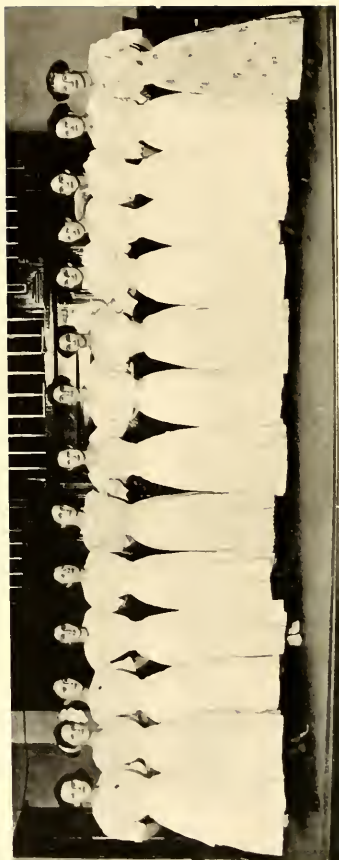
LINA COVINGTON—April 26



EULA McRAE -April 26



BERTHA MORTON—April 26



Expression Class

Athletics





Athletic Association

Basketball Club

ALICE BLANCHARD	-	-	-	-	-	President
LINNIE MANN	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MAUDE STEWART	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

Tennis Club

RUTH COLTRANE	-	-	-	-	-	President
MARY BARNWELL	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ANNIE WHITNER	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer





Senior Basketball Team

ANNIE WOODLEY, Captain

MARY BARNWELL

LEONE BATTLE

ALICE BLANCHARD

RUTH COLTRANE

EDWIN HUNT

LINNIE MANN



Junior Basketball Team

MAUDE STEWART, Captain

RUTH ADAMS

WILLIE GRIFFIN

RENNIE GRIFFIN

LUCILE UMSTEAD

ERMA STEVENS

ANNIE WHITNER



Freshman Basketball Team

EDITH PETREE, Captain

LILLIE WAY BAKER

MARY DOSHER

JEANETTE PIERCE

NITA MASTEN

TOMMAE TOMLINSON



Special Basketball Team

EULA McRAE, Captain

NELL GWYNN
CORA MUNGER

MAUDE HICKS
NANCY MERRIMON



Tennis Club





Emerson Literary Society

RUTH COLTRANE	-	-	-	-	-	President
BESSIE HODGES	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MAY STALLINGS	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MYRTLE DEAN	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
MARY BARNWELL	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
HULDAH HAMBRICK	-	-	-	-	-	Censor
JULIA CRUTCHFIELD	-	-	-	-	-	Chaplain





Irving Literary Society.

LINNIE MANN	-	×	×	-	-	-	-	-	President
ANNIE WOODLEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
RENNIE GRIFFIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
ALICE BLANCHARD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
WINNIE BRUTON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
LUCILE UMSTEAD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Censor





D. S. Club

FLOWER. *Jonquil*

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

MEMBERS

RUTH ADAMS
ALICE BLANCHARD
WINNIE BRUTON
HELEN CREECH
MAUDE GILLIKIN

MAUDE HICKS
LINNIE MANN
ANNIE WOODLEY
ALICE WYNNE
CLEFA WYNNE





“Little Store” Club

COLORS: Olive Green and Orange

MOTTO: Sell all you can, and eat what you can't sell.

OFFICERS

BERTHA MORTON	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
LAVINIA PRIDGEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
WILLIE GRIFFIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
ANNIE ADAMS	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

MEMBERS

GRACE ABERNETHY	MARGARET GOODSON
ANNIE ADAMS	RENNIE GRIFFIN
ELIZABETH COLTRANE	WILLIE GRIFFIN
HELEN CREECH	BERTHA MORTON
SOPHIA DILL	EUNICE PARKER
RUBY ELLIOTT	LAVINIA PRIDGEN



S. D. T.

BERTHA MORTON

MATTIE DANIELS

MILDRED WALLACE

MAUDE STEWART

WILLIE GRIFFIN

NELL GWYNN

RENNIE GRIFFIN



D. R. K.

FLOWER: *Violet*

COLORS: *Lavender and Purple*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Cupola*

MOTTO: *Watch us grow*

OFFICERS

EULA McRAE	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
NELL WEBSTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
DESSIE MORRISON	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Vice-President
ELIZABETH COLTRANE	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
JUANITA MASTEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
EUGENIA FRANKLIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager

MEMBERS

THEIR AMBITIONS

DESSIE MORRISON	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>To be a "man-killer."</i>
NELL WEBSTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Between many to choose the right one.</i>
JUANITA MASTEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>"I ain't got none."</i>
EUGENIA FRANKLIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>To win the affection of a "Mam."</i>
EULA McRAE	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>To find the "other half."</i>
ELIZABETH COLTRANE	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>To possess a "Ruby."</i>



Dramatic Club

COLORS: *Old Gold and Black*

MOTTO: *Screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail.* Shakespeare

COURSE OF STUDY: *Subject—Great Men in the History of the Drama*

PLAYS: "*After the Game*," "*Honey Moon*," "*She Stoops to Conquer*," "*Maids and Matrons*," "*Miss Fearless and Company*."

OFFICERS

MAUDE GILLIKIN	-	-	-	-	-	President
HELEN CREECH	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
BERTHA MORTON	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
ANNIE WHITNER	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

MEMBERS

HELEN CREECH	EDWIN HUNT	LOTTIE MAY NEWTON
LINA COVINGTON	ETHEL MCAULEY	NELL GWYNN
MAGGIE DAVIS	EULA MCRAE	VIRGINIA AUSTIN
MARY DOSHER	BERTHA MORTON	EFFIE COVINGTON
MAUDE GANTT	ANNA SHANK	ANNIE DELL DURHAM
MAUDE GILLIKIN	ANNIE WHITNER	DESSIE MORRISON



" The Honey Moon "



" Maids and Matrons "



" After the Game "



" Miss Fearless and Company "

The Glee Club





The Glee Club



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

JULIA CRUTCHFIELD	-	-	President
LINNIE MANN	-	-	Vice-President
ISA SILLS	-	-	Chairman Devotional Committee
WILLIE GRIFFIN	-	-	Treasurer
RUTH COLTRANE	-	-	Secretary
ALICE BLANCHARD	-	-	Chairman Inter-Collegiate Committee
LUCILLE UMSTEAD	-	-	Chairman Social Committee



The "Message" Staff

Hidden Treasures

"Oh, Billy, they have come, and they are moss this time."

Rose Lambert held out before her a large florist's box.

"What has come?" asked Billy Barnes, a look of surprise on his usually composed face.

"Why, Bill, the flowers, from my unknown admirer. Don't you know that today is my birthday?"

Then seeing the distressed look on his face she added more softly: "Yes, Billy, I know that you remembered it. I got your flowers this morning and they are just as sweet as can be. Thank you, so much."

"But look here," she went on, again becoming deeply absorbed in the mystery of the flowers. "Look what is on the card this time:

"'He that sweetest rose will find, must find love's prick and Rosalind.'"

"Who do you suppose it is, Billy?" and Rose asked him as if she expected Billy to answer when she knew well he could do no such thing.

"If I suggest anyone whom I know, you would laugh at the idea and assure me that I am the biggest goose in the world, that I haven't a particle of sentiment and romance in my heart." And Billy mockingly placed his hand over the guilty organ. "Whom shall I suggest this time? Your last summer's catch at Buffalo?"

"Now, Billy, you know perfectly well that that man is like you in that he never would think of anything romantic in his life. Why, I have thought of this man, my unknown lover, so much that I know exactly what he will look like, the kind of eyes he will have, a gentle expression and—"

"Spare me, spare me, Rose! You thrust the knife deeper in with each phrase! Why, my last six years' efforts seem lost when you sum up this man's virtues. I can never hope to reach it. And when I lose hope, Rose, I shall stop." There was mockery in his first "Spare me," but not a trace of it when he said, "when I lose hope, Rose."

"Billy, dear, forgive me. I didn't mean to hurt you, but you know I have always said that there must be something romantic about my love affair, that I will not marry a man who simply walks up and says, 'I want you, I need you. You must marry me; come on!' " Then seeing the pained expression again in her friend's face, "Pardon me, Billy, I really forgot. But you cannot know how very much this little bit of the unusual has meant to me who have always been surrounded by the most practical people in world. Look at father. He is grand, and the dearest father any girl ever had, but you know, as well as I, he would not know a romance if one should walk bodily into his office. Why, he laughs heartily every year I show him the roses. And you, Billy, don't seem half so interested as you might."

"Interested! I am all interest! I can tell you the kind of flowers and the verses in each basket ever since they first came. The first were 'American Beauties,' and the card read simply 'For Rosalind.' Is that right? The second were Marechal Neil, and the verse, 'Go, pretty rose, Go to my fair, Go tell her all I fain would dare.'"

"Go on. You are progressing beautifully!"

"Last year they were Cherokees, did you say? and the verse was something from Thomas Hood. Let's see. How did it read?"

"I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom therefore I will shun;
The cowslip is a courtly wench,
The violet is a nun—
But I will woo the dainty Rose,
The queen of every one!"

"Why, Billy Barnes, I had no idea you knew a line of poetry!"

"Shall I quote you something else or is that sufficient evidence to you that I am becoming r-o-m-a-n-t-i-c?"

"Don't laugh at me, Billy. I can't help feeling as I do about it; but, I tell you my curiosity increases with every birthday and I wonder for weeks before, if the roses will come again."

"One thing that worries me, Rose, is that my rival is an ideal and not a live man at all. If I had a man to contend with, that eats, drinks, and breathes like the rest of us poor mortals, I should feel more like keeping up the combat."

"But, oh, Billy, don't you suppose he really exists, that I shall meet him sometime?"

"Would you rather find him out and perhaps be woefully disappointed to know that he was just a plain every-day mortal, or would you rather have him keep on being the fairy prince?"

Rose remained pensive for a few moments, then replied: "I would run the risk of disappointment in order to know who he is. Why, Billy, I want to know more than anything else in the world."

Barnes quickly took the box of flowers which Rose still held in her arms, and before she knew what he was about, reached his hand deep among the mossy heads and handed to her—his picture.

For a few moments she stood dazed. Then the realization came to her that her long unknown lover was really her known lover—her own slow-plodding, long-patient Billy. Eagerly he stepped toward her. With a submissive sigh she put her hands in his, saying, "Billy, I might have known it!"

M. L., '11.

Every Sophomore

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SOPHOMORE—Young girl, vivacious and beautiful.

DESPAIR—Old man, half bent with long white beard.

PLEASURE—A tall attractive young lady.

PRANKS—Jolly round little elf.

GUESSING—A graceful young girl.

CRAMMING—A handsome young man.

HOPE—An elderly man, tall and commanding with pleasant face.

SCENE I.

Soph's room the night before exams. Soph. seated at table, in center of room, piled high with books. (*Enter Despair unperceived by Soph.*)

SOPH.—Well, as to-morrow is the day for English and history I suppose I had better look over them a little and get a few dates and names fixed firmly in my mind. (*She turns to table and picks up history. Despair waves his wand and the Soph's spirits immediately sink*). Let's see, here is Napoleon—Napoleon—who on earth was he? I know I never heard of him before. What did he do? Oh!! I know he wrote "Every Man in his Humor," of course he did. Didn't Mr. Clark lecture an hour on that one day? Certainly. But I'll be sure that is right. (*Reads*) My horrors! Napoleon was a great general of France! Oh, I shall certainly fail. I know I shall—What will I do? (*Moans dismally. Presently hears a cough behind her and turning sees Despair still waving his wand. She screams*) Mercy! Mercy! Oh! have mercy on me. I cannot pass! I will surely fail, Oh, help me! help! help! (*She sinks in her chair burying her face in her hands. Enter Hope.*)

HOPE—What are you doing here?

DESPAIR—I am here to perform my duty.

HOPE—Well your duty does not lie here.

DESPAIR—Indeed, but this is my rightful place. This young lady has been idling away the session and sadly neglecting her duties. I have endeavored to talk with her several times about her neglect of her work, but she would not listen to me and now I have at the last moment succeeded in making her realize the folly of her ways, but alas, too late! too late!

HOPE—No, no, it is not too late. There is surely some way we can help her through this crisis. Let me see. Ah! I have it! My little friend Pranks is always ready to lend a helping hand in time of need. I'll see what he can do. (*Hope waves his wand, the door bursts open and a fat, jolly little elf comes frisking in, turns several somersaults, finally righting himself, salutes the company*). PRANKS—Well, my good friends, what can I do for you? I see here one of my old acquaintances, whom—(*Soph looks up*).

SOPH—Yes, I have been a subject of yours the entire session, and that is one reason I am now in the plight you find me. You led me into all kinds of mischief when I should have been at my studies. Well do I remember the night you whispered in my ear to make Miss Jones a "pie bed," and tie Miss Pegram's door so she could not get out, and again when you prompted me to shriek out "Fire" the night Dr. Johnson was lecturing in the chapel, and scare every one out of a year's growth and—Oh, I shall not attempt to tell the many wicked things you have led me into; no, leave me, you can't help me now. I never want to see you again.

FRANKS—Ah, my dear Soph, what does a little matter like "exams" amount to? Forget them! Come let's—

SOPH—Oh, please go; I shall not listen to you.

FRANKS—*(shyly, poking Despair in the side, winks waggishly at Hope, and quits the room doing a cart-wheel somersault.)*

DESPAIR—Now, my good friend, I hope you see how matters stand, and this young lady is in a sad plight indeed, owing to her heedlessness—

HOPE—Never! She can be helped, and I shall do every thing in my power to help her through. Let me see what Pleasure can do for us. *(Hope waves hand and Pleasure steps into the room, bowing and smiling to all.)*

PLEASURE—Ah, so my gay young Soph. has summoned me to her again. I was beginning to fear she had tired of me for we used to be so constantly together, and lately I have heard nothing whatever from her. How is that, my dear, have you forgotten the shows we attended together this year, the gay automobile parties chaperoned by Miss Fisher, the trips down town and week ends spent with other girls at their homes, not to mention chafing dish parties in your room, snowballing, midnight feasts and numerous other times when I have been your faithful companion and helped you enjoy them?

SOPH—Yes, I remember them very distinctly; but look at me now, here I have spent an entire year up here and at the last I must "flunk out" all because I have been led on by you in the paths of pleasure and have let my work go. Oh, don't stay here to taunt me with my failings and folly. You can't help me now, so leave me, I pray you. *(Exit Pleasure.)*

HOPE—*(softly)* My young friend there is one way that has worked sometimes when a student has been sorely pressed. I only suggest it in extreme cases but yours seems to be such a one so I dare to mention it, *(whispers)* Cheating!

SOPH—Y-e-e-s. I have heard of that being done, but—I—I—hardly—*(stares into space for a few minutes then speaks decisively)* No! I can not do that even if I do fail. You must not think of it. I am in sore straits, but not desperate enough to cheat. Think of something else.

HOPE—Well, let me think—How about Guessing? I'll summon him *(waves his hand and a bright-eyed little fellow appears quick as a flash).*

GUESSING— I suppose, judging from your looks and the pile of books before you that you are about to stand an exam. and need my help—Well, "M' Aime" you have certainly kept me busy this year and I am sorry to fail you in your time of need, but I must tell you that daily recitations are the only places where I can make good, and even then I sometimes slip up, but on exams. I can do nothing at all. I lose my nerve at the critical point and have never been known to carry a person safely through who relies wholly on me, therefore, I advise you to see my colleague Cramming who makes a specialty of exams. and, who, I am sure can put you through if any one can. (*Exit Guessing*).

DESPAIR—I should think you could see by now that all efforts will be useless. Let this girl reap the reward of her folly and do not try to help her again. It is what she rightly deserves for being so negligent.

HOPE—Wait, there is one more source where possibly we can find a way out. I will do as Guessing suggested and summon Cramming. (*Heaves wand and Cramming enters hurriedly*).

SOPH.—Oh, Cramming can help me I am sure for he has proved faithful to me many times before when I have been all but lost. Why, I had not thought of him before! Here, come, for it is getting late and every second is precious now.

CRAMMING—(*speaking rapidly*) Yes, certainly, come, what shall we take first? Here, this History. What is the date of the Fall of Constantinople 1553—Learn it—1553-1553-1553.

SOPH.—1553-1553 1-5-5-3; yes, I know it now, I am sure. One, two fives and a three, yes, go on 1553 I know that! what next?

CRAMMING—William the Conqueror came over in 1066 and what did he do?

SOPH.—He came over from Normandy, and fought in the Battle of Hasting and won a crown. I know that; let's see though, when did he come over; Oh, 1066, I remember now, and what was it that happened in English literature about that time? What was it? Oh, yes, William Caxton brought the printing press over and translated an edition of the Bible. Cramming you certainly are an aid! What would I do without you? Now let's study English awhile, and see how that goes. We begin with Milton's life. He wrote "Paradise Lost," "Comus," and "The Seven Deadly Sins." He was Latin secretary to Cromwell and when Charles I was restored to the throne Milton went in exile and there wrote Lycidas and several more of his most important works. Oh, I have him "down pat;" now who comes next?

DESPAIR—Well, I must leave you now for I have another girl just around the corner to visit, who is in the same fix—you will fail, I am sure, so there is no need of my staying here any longer. (*Exit*).

HOPE—Courage, friend, courage! you will come out all right. Do your

duty by Cramming and all will be well with you. Now I must go and cheer up some of your mates. (*Exits*).

(2:30 A. M.):

CRAMMING—Now I think you are fully prepared for tomorrow's trials. You have worked faithfully these last few hours and if you will keep these important things which I have told you, firmly fixed in your mind, the victory will be yours; cheer up, be of good courage and you will win.

SOPH.—(*Warily*) Thank you, Cramming, you have certainly proved a friend in need and if I do get by, I will owe it all entirely to you. I must try and sleep some now, and try to get rested up for the strenuous day before me. (*Exit Cramming.*)

SCENE II.

PLACE—Examination room. Despair standing at door. Pleasure, Pranks, Guessing, Cramming in background. (*Enter Soph.*).

DESPAIR—I am sorry to see by your heavy eyelids, that you have wasted many hours in a vain attempt to cram in such a short time, the knowledge you should have been acquiring by months of faithful study. It was wasted energy. Your fate is sealed; you fail.

SOPH.—I shall not believe you; I have worked faithfully in the eleventh hour and surely I must make some kind of show for all that toil. Here, Pranks, Pleasure, Guessing, Cramming, all of you, come to my aid. I must get by. It will never do for me to fail, Oh, it would kill me—come, can't you help me?

ALL.—(*sadly shaking heads*). Between us there is a gulf which cannot be passed, we cannot help you now.

SOPH.—Oh, you Cramming, you have been my faithful friend and guide so many times, surely you will not forsake me now.

CRAMMING—I gave you what comfort I could last night, but I cannot go beyond this door. If all my efforts prove in vain it will not be my fault. (*Hope suddenly appears and touches Soph. lightly on the shoulder*).

HOPE—I have at last found a way. You must pretend you have a dreadful headache today and with the aid of Cramming, who has promised to assist you, I am sure you will be ready for your exams. next week. Delay is the only hope.

SOPH.—Heaven be praised! I am saved, saved, saved!

CURTAIN.

L. C. A. W. B. M.



Reception Hall

The Three Fates

THREE fates went sailing o'er G. F. C.
One lovely moonlight night,
Now what will the future of Seniors be,
Who've toiled with all their might.

The first fate cried: "They'll marry gold
And wield the sceptre of power;
All the pleasures the world can give
Will be the Seniors' dower."

The second fate cried: "Not gold, indeed,
But fame shall they achieve;
To heights sublime they all shall climb,
Nor none be left to grieve."

The third fate cried: "Both gold and fame
Are dear to hearts of youth;
But fairer than either have I to give:
A future of love and truth."

—Lucile Litaker.



The Mystery of the Little Room.

ON the outskirts of a quiet and almost deserted little village stands a large two-story white house whose windows from all sides look out over a sloping lawn well shaded by large trees. Now in the early light of morning it stood dim and gray outlined against the western sky. In an upper room a young girl awoke with a start, rubbed her eyes vaguely—in the shadowy light she looked about the unfamiliar room in wonder and astonishment; then in swift recollection she smiled and closed her eyes again. "No rising bell this morning, no chapel exercises, so I may sleep on. How delightful," she murmured.

When she opened her eyes again the birds were singing in the trees just outside her window and the sunlight was flooding her room. She arose and pulled back her curtains for a view of her surroundings. Beyond the sloping lawn stretched a green meadow where cows browsed and daisies bloomed while farther on in the distance stood a low line of hills draped in misty clouds.

The girl threw back her head and took in a deep full breath of the morning air, and her eyes sparkled with delight. It was evident that she was very well pleased with the entire place.

There was a gentle knock on her door, followed by the entrance of a rather stout lady with iron gray hair.

"Good morning, dear," she said, "you are up I see."

"Yes, Aunt, at last. I have overslept myself and am afraid I have kept you from breakfasting at your usual hour."

"No, dear, not at all and I am very glad you slept well for you needed a good rest after such a long tiresome trip." Then noticing that the girl had been gazing at her surroundings, "How do you think you are going to like it here, Elizabeth? Do you think you can manage to stay with me until your Uncle's return?"

"Why, Aunt," replied Elizabeth, "I more than like it, I am delighted and after my strenuous college life I think I shall find it an ideal place in which to rest and dream."

"I hope so, dear, and now if you are ready we will go down to breakfast."

As soon as Mrs. Carter had learned that her husband would have to be away several weeks on a business trip, she sat down and wrote to her favorite

niece, Elizabeth Murry, who was a Senior in college, asking her to come and stay with her until her husband's return. Elizabeth was at that time busily engaged in writing her graduating thesis. She had a good deal of hard work ahead of her to be completed by commencement and she knew by the time it was accomplished she would need a rest, so the prospect of a visit to her Aunt was very pleasant and now the morning after her arrival she looked about her and found it even more pleasant than she had anticipated.

Later on in the day while Elizabeth and her Aunt sat on the broad front porch, a small colored boy came down the side walk bringing the mail which he delivered to Mrs. Carter.

"Oh! here is a letter from your Uncle George, Elizabeth. He is a dear man, George is." So saying she hastily polished her glasses and placed them upon her nose.

"Dear! dear!" she exclaimed a moment later, "just listen to this." I met an old acquaintance of mine this morning whom I am sending down to you for a summer boarder and for a protection. You can give him the bed-room down stairs, back of the library, and with him in the house I hope you will have no cause to feel nervous and unprotected as you always do when there is no man around. You will not have to exert yourself in the least to entertain him as he wishes to be left entirely alone and undisturbed.

"Now, isn't that too provoking!" she exclaimed with a frown of irritation. "Can't men do the most absurd things you ever heard of? Here I had planned a quiet, peaceful, restful time with you, and lo and behold in comes a *summer boarder*. An old acquaintance! I dare say he is an old fogey, suffering with imaginary gout. As for letting him alone he certainly need not be uneasy along that line for I shall be more than glad to utterly avoid him."

"It is too bad, Aunt," said Elizabeth sympathetically. "Such an intrusion is enough to disturb a body in spite of herself. But when is he to arrive?"

Mrs. Carter held up the letter and again peered through her glasses at its contents. "Why, tonight!" "Yes, tonight at nine o'clock, she said. I suppose I had better go and tell Aunt Sallie to have his room in readiness."

When she had gone Elizabeth looked dreamily out across the meadow and on beyond to the purple hills. She, too, had hoped for a quiet, peaceful time and she was sorry to hear of the expected guest but a certain amount of sympathy went out to him for she knew when her Aunt disliked a person she seldom failed to make it known to him. Elizabeth sincerely hoped he would make a good impression upon his arrival and win her Aunt's favor.

Promptly at a quarter past nine that night, while sitting in an upper bedroom they saw in the pale moonlight the dark outline of a man's figure as with suit-case in hand he came briskly up the walk. "He hasn't a very severe case of gout," thought Elizabeth. She heard him step upon the porch and ring the bell as Mrs. Carter hastily made her way down stairs. She noticed that her Aunt in her excitement had forgotten her glasses. Presently she heard the sound of a man's voice and caught the odor of a good cigar.

"Well after all a man's voice doesn't sound so bad and if he smokes good cigars maybe we can endure him at any rate," she mused.

When her Aunt returned, Elizabeth did not have to ply her with questions to find out about the new arrival.

Of all things, said Mrs. Carter, panting from the exertion of climbing the stairs, what do you suppose I did? Went off without my glasses! And I

couldn't half see but he doesn't look as old as I expected. He isn't as old as your Uncle George at any rate—"And what do you think, Elizabeth?" she asked mysteriously. Why the first thing he saw upon entering the room was the door that opens into that little back room. Aunt Sallie had carelessly left it open and he saw straight into the little room itself. And he wanted to know at once if he could rent it. Said he would like to have the use of it as he needed it. I let him have it but what in the world he wants with it I can't imagine. But," she added, "if I don't find out I shall surprise myself."

"Well, what is his name?" asked Elizabeth. "It's Mr. Carey, I believe, William Blount Carey. But it is getting late, Elizabeth, we had better go to bed."

The next morning when they went down to breakfast they found to their surprise that Mr. Carey had eaten his morning meal more than an hour beforehand. Mrs. Carter peeped into his bed-room but it was empty. She thought it a good opportunity to peep in the little back room also and on some slight pretense she boldly entered the bed-room and turned the knob of the door to the little room, but to her dismay she found it locked and the key was gone. She called in Elizabeth. What do you suppose it means?" she asked, "I'm sure I don't know," answered Elizabeth.

Mrs. Carter shook the door but there was no chance of the lock ever giving way. She peeped through the key-hole but could see nothing but the bare wall on the opposite side.

"We had better go," advised Elizabeth, he is apt to come in at any time.—Yes, we had better go," so Mrs. Carter gathered up her skirts and departed in a state of unsatisfied curiosity.

The morning wore away into noon and still Mr. Carey was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Carter had promised herself to avoid him but she found herself in search of him and wondered where in the world he could be. However it was Elizabeth who discovered him. She was on her way to the kitchen where by chance she glanced down the side passage which opened upon a very attractive little porch. The summer wind had blown the passage door open and there upon the porch, by the side of a big colonial column sat the *summer boarder*. To her surprise she saw at once that he was a young man. He sat in a low chair and bent interestedly over a big volume which lay open upon his knees while unconsciously he beat himself vigorously upon the top of his head with a lead pencil. She had the back view of him and noticed that his neck was badly in need of a shave. Perhaps it was human magnetism, perhaps it was telepathy that caused him to look quickly around and catch her eye, before she had time to move. But the next minute she was in the kitchen busily engaged in helping Aunt Sallie.

Mr. Carey stared again at his book, but saw none of its contents. By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I wonder who that is! I didn't know there was anybody here but the madam." Just before dinner, he went to his room and looked at himself in the mirror. His face was covered with a dense beard which was neither short nor long, just stubby. "You are a beastly looking creature," he said to the reflection, but don't shave, you didn't come down here to lose any time in shaving, you came here to work. You haven't got much more time left in which to work either, and you need every minute of it."

At dinner he was formally introduced to Miss Murry who found him very polite but very reserved and very unattractive looking. She told her Aunt after-

wards she had never seen such a human being in her life. "And yet Aunt did you notice his eyes" she asked. He looks like he might be intelligent."

During the days that followed Mr. Carey spent most of the time on the side porch with books piled about his chair and one invariably open upon his lap. At times he locked himself up in the "Little Room" and spent hours in there while Mrs. Carter almost went beside herself with curiosity. It was a very frequent occurrence for Mrs. Carter and Elizabeth to come in late in the afternoon and find him still sitting upon the porch always devoid of coat, collar and cuffs and often with his sleeves rolled up to the elbow. The weather had been fine and they had been taking their meals on a small table under a big tree in the back yard so they seldom saw him to speak to him.

Elizabeth had long ago decided that he was a law student and had told Mrs. Carter so. "Yes, dear, I guess he is," said her Aunt, but what *can* he be doing in the Little Room? I simply can't imagine. Why, the other day I saw him take a bucket of water in there and when he comes out he always washes his hands."

Elizabeth couldn't imagine either, so the mystery remained unsolved.

One afternoon when the sun stood just above the treetops, William Carey closed a huge book which bore the marks of many thumb prints and laid it upon the floor. He looked at it thoughtfully and then an expression of relief spread over his face.

"Well, I'll guarantee I've got you down about as fine as anyone could, old fellow. You've given me many a sleepless night and I've wished a thousand times Dr. Gray had died before he had ever gotten you written." He picked up several other books and laid them on top of the big one. "Day after to-morrow this time I will be in the State Capitol," he went on, "and from now until then I am going to enjoy myself." A few minutes later he strode down the road which led through a rich piece of woodland to a big babbling brook. When he reached the water's edge, to his great surprise and hers also, he came suddenly upon Elizabeth. She was sitting upon a big moss-grown rock reading a new book.

"Why, good evening Miss Murry," he said pleasantly. "Please pardon me for interrupting you."

"Good evening Mr.-er-Carey," she said confusedly as she arose to go.

"Please don't let me run you away," he said intreatingly. "For my sake sit back down."

"Well I believe I will," she said, "this is such a nice place to rest in."

"Rest!" he said, "I'm awfully tired, may I rest, too?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Of course, if you wish. You do look tired; have you been working very hard?" she asked.

"I should think I have, I've been at it just like a ditch digger ever since I came. But I am through now, for a day or two anyway and I am going to spend to-morrow taking life easy." During their conversation he told her something of his life, and they discussed various subjects and topics. It must have been very entertaining for it was quite supper time when Mrs. Carter saw them strolling up the road together.

The next morning it was raining and they all took breakfast in the dining-room. When Mr. Carey appeared he had shaved off his whiskers and his face was clean and smooth. He also had on his coat, collar, and cuffs. Apparently there was no detail about his toilet that had not been carefully attended to.

Mrs. Carter stared at him in amazement and even admitted to Elizabeth later that she thought he was handsome.

That night the moon came up clear and full. The giant old elms swayed gently in the night breeze and cast their long black shadows upon the ground. The subtle odor of violets and cape jessamines permeated the atmosphere; from somewhere down in the meadow came the weird note of the whippoorwill, mingled with the unmusical song of the frog.

Mr. Carey and Elizabeth sat on the porch. They had been talking for sometime and as the moon rose higher and higher in the heavens they realized it was getting late.

"Miss Elizabeth," he said, "I must go away to-morrow on a business trip and expect I shall be away for several days, and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Well," she said, "what is it?"

"I want you to keep the key to the Little Room for me. Don't let anybody go in there. Keep it locked until I return—Will you do it?" he asked, anxiously. He drew the key from his pocket and held it up in the moonlight.

"Yes," she said, "I will," and he placed it in her hand. A cloud passed over the moon and from the nearby woodland came the hoot of an owl. It is getting late," she said, "I must tell you good night."

The next morning when she came down to breakfast, Mr. Carey had gone. All day long Mrs. Carter searched in vain for the key to the Little Room. When she failed to find it she then tried to find some other way of getting in.

"Elizabeth," she said, "I wish you would try to help me solve the mystery. I never have seen such a girl; you don't seem interested in the least."

One afternoon when Mr. Carey had been gone for nearly a week Elizabeth strolled downstairs into the library. Her Aunt was lying down with a headache. The house was very still. The buzzing of the bees and the twitter of the birds just outside the window were the only audible sounds. She sat very still thinking. She was thinking of the Little Room and wondering what it contained. She sauntered into the bed-room and gazed hard at the plain little old-fashioned door that opened into the Little Room. Suddenly a great desire to see beyond that door seized her. She went up close to it and looked through the keyhole but saw only the bare wall. She drew the key out of her pocket and looked at it, then at the keyhole, then back at the key. A mouse scampered across the floor and she jumped, dreadfully startled. She looked up at the door and stared at it horrified, then placing the key in her pocket, ran out of the room.

Meanwhile, William Carey and several of his college chums were in the waiting room of the Union depot of the Capital City. There was a long blow of a train far down the tracks.

"There's my train, boys," said William. "I'm just hoping we all passed that examination all right and came out at the big end of the horn, and I just believe we did.

"Yes, Bill, it's all to the good with you, I'm sure," said one; "good-by old boy—take care of yourself" said another, "write to us sometimes."

Five minutes later William was speeding over the Southern at the rate of a mile a minute. Late that same afternoon he again stepped briskly up the walk to the Carter home. He entered his bed-room, his eyes fastened upon the little old-fashioned door. He sat down his suit case and examined it thoroughly. "I just don't believe it has been opened. I'll win Bob's wager if

it hasn't. He can't afford to take a fellow up over a girl like that, and I'll prove it to him."

"Aunt Sallie," he asked later, where is everybody?"

"Well Mis' Carter, she's up stairs and I saw Miss Lizbeth gwine off dat a way," she said, pointing down the road through the woodland. Aunt Sallie's eyes twinkled as she saw Will Carey stride off in the same direction. About supper time she saw them come back together, he tall and handsome, she fresh and lovely, in a dress of light blue.

The next day Elizabeth gave him back the key. He took it and went into the Little Room. Presently he returned, "I want to thank you for keeping the faith," he said, "you were weighed in the balance and not found wanting."

"Yes," she answered, "but you can't say I was weighed in the balance and not found wanting to know." He laughed merrily.

"What have you got in there, Mr. Carey? Is it some kind of monster?"

"Yes," he said, "a great big grinning monster."

During the days that followed he learned to care very much for Elizabeth and at the end of the week he acknowledged to himself that he was actually in love. In the meantime he received a letter which lifted a mountain load from his shoulders and made his heart bound with joy. He found Elizabeth in the library. "Let me tell you my good news," he said, "I must tell you first because—because—it's you I reckon. I have just received a letter telling me that I successfully passed the medical examination before the State Board in Raleigh last week. I am now a Doctor." Elizabeth's eyes shone with pleasure and she frankly extended her hand—"Accept my sincerest congratulations, *Doctor* Carey," she said.

He took a seat on the sofa beside her. "I want to tell you something else, too," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "You must know that I—"

"Sh! here comes Aunt," she said quickly. He arose as Mrs. Carter entered the room. "Tonight, ladies, he said, addressing both, the Little Room will be open, and if you will permit me I shall be glad to show you its contents."

After supper he was busy for some time lighting up the Little Room and arranging things in their respective places. He found Elizabeth and her Aunt waiting in the library. As he turned the knob of the old-fashioned door of the "Little Room" he paused. "You won't be frightened at anything you might see, will you Mrs. Carter?" he asked, laughingly.

"Oh! no indeed!" she exclaimed reassuringly. The next moment he threw open the door and there before them in the candle light standing erect against the wall stood a skeleton, bleached and grinning hideously. Placed around the room on boxes were skulls and bones of various descriptions.

Mrs. Carter gave a wild shriek and sought refuge in the library where she gave way to a storm of indignation. Elizabeth looked up and met the eyes of Dr. Carey. They were shining with uncontrollable amusement and his mouth was twitching convulsively. Elizabeth, too, became indignant.

"How gruesome!" she exclaimed, disgustedly, and gathering up her skirts, followed her Aunt. Glancing back she saw him fall into a nearby chair and give way to excessive laughter.

A few minutes later he found her sitting on the sofa alone, her Aunt had gone up stairs.

"I wish you would go away and take that hideous thing with you!" she cried.

His dark eyes searched her face. "Do you?" he asked, tensely, "do you?"

"Yes," she cried hysterically, "I do."

"I will," he said emphatically, and strode toward the door.

She looked up and saw the skeleton grinning at her from the Little Room. A shiver ran over her. "Oh! Mister— Dr. Carey don't leave me she said in a frightened, pleading voice. "I didn't mean it, please don't."

A happy light shone in his eyes and in an instant he was at her side, "I won't," he said, "I never will, and don't be frightened he laughed, its made of plaster of paris; they all are. I made them myself." She looked at the skeleton again and then back at Dr. Carey and in spite of herself broke into a merry laugh.

LINA COLTRANE, '12.





Grinds

BETTY—O my! I don't like the odor of whiskey, much less to smell it.
MISS PEGRAM (*To Astronomy class*)—There is going to be an eclipse of the moon real soon, so I want you all to look out for it.

WINNIE—When will it occur, Miss Pegram, in the day time, or at night?

MR. CLARK—Miss Upchurch, what is an amulet?

MISS U. (*guessing*)—It is a kind of stone, but I have forgotten where they are found.

Do you like Keats?

I don't know; I never tasted any.

MARY—You know there is not any ice and snow at the "South Pole?"

A FRESHMAN—I wish you could have been at my Uncle's and Aunt's silver anniversary (*anniversary*).

MISS JONES: (*Physics*)—Maude, explain the Mercurial Barometer.

MAUDE: (*Sen. or*)—Er' well, if there is mercury in it, it will rise when there is going to be fair weather; in falling weather it falls, and a settled barometer indicates settled weather.

ONE OF THE SENIORS (*after a long walk*)—Oh! somebody do tell me what those big, high things are, which look like wind-mills with burnt pie pans all fixed on them, with wires running through them.

LEONE—My goodness, don't you know what they are? That is the electric power which comes from "South America."

A. G. F. girl would certainly enjoy a ride. Winnie, (*seeing the Ambulance go by*) I wish I was sitting back in that carriage.

Will some one tell Annie what one-third of three dollars (\$3.00) is?

MAUDE—Oh! Leone, what if you should go to Durham and have to stay? You know they have smallpox there, and I heard they were not going to let the Trinity boys go home for Christmas.

ALICE—I hope they won't "guarantee" them, for every boy from home is there.

Winnie tells us she did some "Earnest Starr" gazing last year.

MAUD: (*Senior, passing the Public Library*)—Somebody tell me what church this is.

On Freshman Bible Examination. When was the world created?

The world was created in 1492.

Say, was it the steward and baker who were thrown into prison and had a wonderful dream which Joseph interpreted for them?

JUNIOR—My! that is a good one on you, a senior, and did not know they were the butcher and the baker.

WINNIE—Say, does Mr. Moose, the photographer, take off the freckles from your picture with peroxide?

RUTH: (*On Psychology examination*)—Mr. Clarke, do you mind if I answer part of the fourth question with the third?

MR. C.—Why Miss Coltrane?

RUTH—Because I have already.

FIRST NEW GIRL: (*Seeing a senior pass*) who was that lady?

SECOND NEW GIRL—She is not a lady, she is a Senior.

*Oh! Mr. Clarke he is quite a lark
And we can but think he loves to spark
For with eyes of blue he looks at you
And says with a smile that is
Certainly worth while.*

*"Miss Bruton will you read?"
Then he closes his eyes and if we
Should measure his smiles
There would be miles and miles of smiles.*

MISS STANCHIL:

*Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.*

SENIOR TABLE—What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
SENIORS—

*There's not to make reply
There's not to reason why
There's but to do or die.*

MABEL HULTON—In her face excuse came prologue and apology to prompt.
MR. CLARKE—Read, mark, learn, for that's a good thing to think about.

TEASE *Casey Jones*

*Martha is a well-known name,
Jones is one of equal fame;
Martha Jones is our teacher's name
And when she's around us we're all quite tame.
We run when we see her, you bet your life,
We blow out the candle if we have a light,
We jump into bed, with our eyes shut tight
And when she gets there we're asleep alright.*

CHORUS.

*Martha Jones—a-comin' round the corner,
Martha Jones with a candle in her hand,
Martha Jones a-comin' round the corner
She's a-coming round the corner
With a candle in her hand.*

*She gives us black marks—one, two, three,
When we get them we're no longer free,
She gives them with this stern command,
That you're surely not to leave this land.
We stay—we stay right here we stay,
We behave ourselves as well we may,
For Martha Jones will to us say,
Your "campussed" from now till the middle of May.*

CHORUS.

B. HODGES,
A. WYNN,
Composers.

MISS BUMPASS (*Junior Bible*)—Miss F'mstead, will you tell us where Christ was born?

MISS U. (*positively*)—At Christmas.

MARY (*trying to be very polite to visitors during Mrs. Robertson's and Aunt Fannie's absence*)—Do come in and have a seat. Yes, I will be delighted to show you over the building. I know "Mrs. Fannie" and "Aunt Robertson" will be sorry they were away.

SAME OLD WAY.

MISS NEFF (*getting after the janitor about her room being so cold*)—Say, Uncle, I want you to see after the furnace a little better; my room stays cold half the time.

UNCLE: Yes, Miss's, I's jest calculating dat de only way I could count for dat was de best idea was, when I's come down here to de basement and build up dis fire was for you in a little while to open your register and I'm shure dat room gwine to get warm.

MISS GUNN: Maud, give the definition of tattoo.

MAUD: That's an Indian baby.

A FRESHMAN (*describing Emerson*)—The pupils of his eyes were very studious.

LEONE (*giving an account of the means of communication between Lee and Halleck*)—Lee 'phoned to Halleck to come help him.

MR. CLARK (*English*)—We will not read all of "Don Juan" but only the best parts; we will skip two stanzas and start at eight o'clock, Miss Woodley.

ANNIE (*hearing only last*)—O, where to, Mr. Clark?

WINNIE: Annie, don't you think Helen has a sweet face in repose?

ANNIE: Where's that?

MISS BUMPASS (*Sophomore Bible*)—Miss Gibson, what can you tell us about Gideon?

MISS G.: Was he the man that put a little piece of cotton out one night to get wet?

Why do you suppose so many of the faculty have joined the German class? Are they searching the "Fountain of Youth?"

MAUDE (*studying history with Alice*)—Alice, why was the indefinite wording of the constitution advantageous?

ALICE: What? Advantageous? What does that mean?

MAUDE: Why, helpful or beneficial.

ALICE: Oh, I was thinking of that word that means to catch a disease (*contagious*).

MISS GUNN: Betty, define epigram.

BETTY: Why, that's a verse written on a tomb.





Red Letter Days

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	XIV	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	XXIV
25	26	27	28	29	30	

XIV School opens.
XXIV Emerson and Irving Society
Receptions.

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	III	4	5	VI	7	8
9	10	11	12	XIII	14	XV
16	17	18	19	20	21	XXII
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

I Society Receptions.
III Senior Privileges.
VI Senior Table.
XIII Fair
XV Went to hear George Stewart.
XXII Reception to receive new members into Societies.

NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	XVIII	19
20	21	22	23	24	XXV	26
27	XXVIII	29	30			

XVIII Seniors go to party.
XXV Mr. Clark entertains the Seniors.
Senior and Special Basketball Game.
XXVIII Trinity Glee Club.

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	XIX	20	XXI	22	23	24
XXV	26	27	28	29	30	31

XIX Expression Recital.
XXI Went home for Christmas.
XXV Christmas Day.

Red Letter Days

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	III	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	XVI	XVII	18	XIX	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	XXVIII
29	30	31				

III Return after Christmas Holidays.
 XVI Exams. began.
 XVII Teachers' Recital.
 XIX Laundry burned.
 XXVIII "The White Sister."

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	XI
12	13	XIV	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	XXII	23	24	25
26	27	28				

XI Carnival.
 XIV Junior Reception to the Seniors.
 XXII Washington's Birthday, Holiday.

MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	XXVII	28	29	30	31	

XXVII Senior vacation.

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	VIII
9	X	11	12	13	14	15
XVI	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

VIII U. N. C. and Va. Game.
 X Basketball match game.
 XVI Easter.

Red Letter Days

MAY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

	I	2	3	4	5	6
7	VIII	9	10	11	12	13
XIV	XV	XVI	XVII	XVIII	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

- I Thesis handed in.
- VIII Exams. began.
- XIV Commencement began.
- XV Afternoon Play on campus.
- Night—Senior Music Recital.
- XVI Morning—Alumni Meeting.
- Afternoon—Class Exercises.
- Night—Alumni Symposium.
- XVII Morning—Graduating Exercises
- Address by Dr. Snider.
- Night—Grand Concert.
- XVIII Leave for home.

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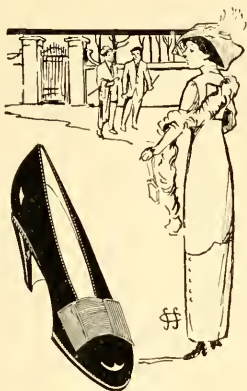
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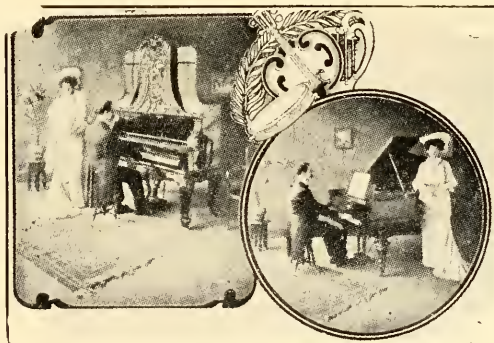
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Excess of Income over Expenditures, 1910	\$251,343.40
Net Gain in Earned Admitted Surplus	\$34,066.43
Net Gain in Insurance in Force, paid for basis	\$1,742,304.00
Premiums received on North Carolina business	\$117,065.60
Insurance in Force in North Carolina	\$8,684,674.00
Excess Interest Earned	\$15,671.43
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Loans	\$1,079,672.47
Overdrafts	6,023.79
Stocks and Bonds	27,775.00
Real Estate	\$41,706.21
Furniture and Fixtures	8,278.85 49,985.06
Demand Loans	128,921.55
Due from Banks	195,551.79
Cash	63,542.70 390,016.04
	\$1,553,472.06

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$200,000.00
Surplus	65,000.00
Undivided Profits	21,571.54
Bills Payable	45,000.00
Notes and Bills Discounted	15,954.02
Interest Reserve	178.40
Deposits	1,205,768.10
	\$1,553,472.06

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